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Puck

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ONLY A TOY, AFTER ALL.
AND WHAT BECOMES OF IT WHEN WILLIAM PULLS THE STRING?



PUCK,
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Editor - - - - - H. C. Bunner.

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

CONCERNING A DEMORALIZED PARTY.

League at Louisville, and the general welfare of the party. The letters were interesting because they told pretty plainly, in one way and another, the causes of Republican defeat. Senator W. B. Allison thinks there is a condition of unrest which will continue until the wisdom or folly of Democratic theories is demonstrated. Ex-Senator Clayton says the Government should lay a heavy hand upon every obstruction to free competition in trade; but in the next breath he testifies to the beneficent effects of the McKinley Bill. A. H. Leonard, of New Orleans, says the Republican party has exaggerated the importance of business questions, and ignored questions involving rights and liberties. W. A. Sutherland, of Rochester, asks if there has not been, "for some time past, a movement toward seclusiveness and exclusiveness in the councils of the party." He believes the Louisville gathering will more than justify itself if it does nothing else than denounce the Union League Club for its rejection of Mr. Theodore Seligman. Governor Brown, of Rhode Island, admits that it may be advisable to make some modifications in the present tariff laws, in order to disabuse the public mind of the impression, unfortunately prevalent, that the party is the friend of trusts. James H. Wilson says that a few people voted the Democratic ticket because they suspected that protection had been overdone by Republican tariff laws. The Grand Old Party is, to-day, in much the same predicament as the Presbyterian Church; each feels the necessity of revising its creed, yet each hesitates, because revision will show that errors have been found in its dogmas. But, while the Presbyterian church may continue nominally under a creed which enlightenment has already rendered practically obsolete, the Republican party is under the necessity of formulating a good working creed before it can hope to win the votes of thinking men. The fear of violating the traditions of the party is apparent in the letters referred to. Almost every one declares that the party has nothing to retract, that there is no call for a new war-cry. At the same time, many of them seem to recognize the futility of fighting on the old issues, and to indicate a desire to do battle on new lines. One Republican says the party should declare against Southern lynchings, because the Republican party is the party of law and order. Another seems to think the party can make capital out of the recent decisions of the Federal Court at Toledo, in the labor cases. Still

another believes the party should condemn the course of the present administration in the Hawaiian matter, and that, further, it should demand the annexation of British North America "whenever our permanent and paramount interests demand it." These letters suggest the atmosphere of a coroner's inquest, and their gruesomeness is emphasized by Senator Power, who says: "In my opinion, the Democratic party is going to be very conservative and may disappoint us by its thoughtful and moderate movements."

The League met at Louisville. J. S. Clarkson got a day off from his work of carrying on the War of the Rebellion, in order to address it. He told it that sectionalism is dead. As he recently called Benjamin Harrison the Benedict Arnold of his party for appointing a Southerner to the Supreme Bench; and, a little later, branded Grover Cleveland with the same title for delegating a Southerner to report upon Hawaiian annexation, Mr. Clarkson ought to know. As a proof that the bloody shirt has been laundered, he told the League that "the South has injured itself more than it can recover in generations by teaching its young people dishonesty in politics, and, logically, teaching them dishonesty in all things." It is not surprising that at the conclusion of Mr. Clarkson's address an adjournment was taken to enable the delegates to attend the Kentucky derby. Subsequently the League "pointed with pride" to the passage of a law protecting the lives of railway employees, upon the recommendation of President Harrison. The only thing lacking to make this a monument to Republicanism is proof that Democracy ruthlessly demands a general slaughter of railway employees. The League also warmly endorsed Woman Suffrage, and a foreign policy which tacks the American flag to any vacant pole. With rare discretion it omitted to mention the Force Bill, the tariff or the silver question. Accepting the League's declarations as official, we may expect the Republican forces to be rallied in 1896 upon a platform something like this:

"We denounce the frequent lynchings of defenceless negroes in the South, so shamelessly upheld by the Democratic party, and we hereby declare ourselves, as the party of Law and Order, vigorously opposed to Crime in all its forms.

"We believe the disease known as Asiatic Cholera to be dangerous to human life, and we shall honestly combat any attempt of the Democracy to domesticate cholera microbes in the homes of our land. The people's health must not be tampered with by the copperheads.

"We tender our sympathy unreservedly to those sections of the country that are susceptible to devastation by cyclones and floods; and we regard with loathing the Democratic cruelty which exults in the sufferings they entail.

"We hereby pledge our unqualified support to the Multiplication Table, as it now exists. We shall view with alarm any attempt of the Democracy to undermine its integrity, and our strength shall be used to vindicate its glorious principles at the polls."

To the above Mr. Clarkson would doubtless add a clause condemning slavery, providing for the re-survey of Mason and Dixon's line and denouncing as Benedict Arnolds all men who traitorously persist that the War of the Rebellion is ended. The letters we have referred to, and the proceedings of the League itself, all show that the Republican party has ignored the lesson its overthrow should have taught it. Its intelligence is still prostituted to the end of devising a platform that shall prove merely popular. It does not ask if this measure or that be right or wrong; but, if it will catch the votes of the laboring man, the farmer or the capitalist. In conventions like the one at Louisville the party only sinks a sense of its folly deeper into the public mind.

SHAM JUVENILITY.

THE ANCIENT tree, white with blossoms,
That bends to the breezes' wing,
Looks like an old powdered spinster
Rigged up in the togs of Spring.

THE INEVITABLE STICKER.

CHICAGO MAN.—Talk about your Wanamaker's—why we've got half a dozen dry-goods stores that can knock the spots out of it—Marshall Field's, Mandell's—
PHILADELPHIAN.—Perhaps so; but just think of Mr. Wanamaker's personal piety.

IN A CLUB WINDOW.

HEN. ESSEY.—I understand Rainsford says that the saloon is the poor man's club.

DE KANTER.—Is that so? Well, then, I suppose he'd say the club was the rich man's saloon; would n't he? Waiter, bring us two more cocktails.

NOTICE.

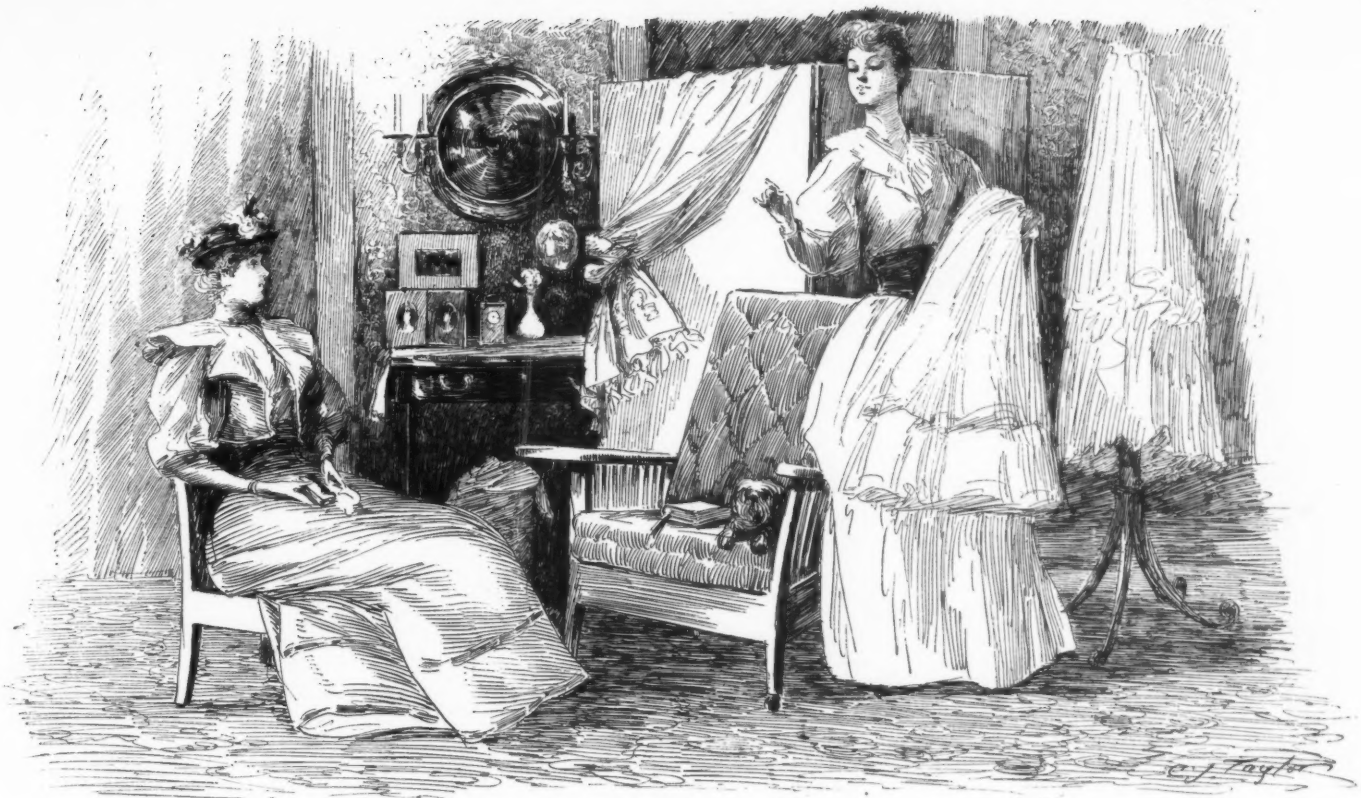
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ACCORDING TO THE BY-LAWS.

TOURIST.—What are you going to do with that man?

CITIZEN.—He's a member of our club, back there, stranger; and he's been sentenced to be suspended for non-payment of dues.



A MATTER OF DUTY.

ANNIE HOWE.—Just look at my new Paris gown! I got it especially to wear next Sunday, when I am going to be confirmed.

UNA LLOYD.—It is a perfect dream, dear. But I don't see how you can afford a Paris dress.

ANNIE HOWE.—S-s-h-h! Don't say a word. My dressmaker smuggled it in for me!

WHILE ST. PETER'S BURNED.

WHILE THE church wildly burned on that cold Winter's morn,
And the priest on the sidewalk was wailing, forlorn,
Colonel Billings stepped up with a smile that was bright
And remarked: "I will give you a beautiful site

Upon which to erect a new church in the Spring,
When the marigolds blow and the bobolinks sing."
As the priest softly smiled in the joy of his heart,
Did the Colonel remark, both aside and apart:

"If I get the new church in my region,
Won't I have a most beautiful cinch!
For my land it will put
From ten dollars a foot
To about seven dollars an inch!"

His remarks, overheard by old Zebedee Smith,
Of the town's other limit; the latter forthwith:

"If you'll build your new church on the
hilltop by me,
It's not only a site that I'll give you, and free,
But two acres I'll add to it for a grave yard;
And I'll hand you a beautiful slice of the hard,
Golden cash of the country, your coffers to
swell;
And I'll hang in the steeple a big copper
bell."

While the priest in his gratitude looked
on these two,
Though he could n't decide what to say
or to do,

Both his friends fancy free,
While they thought of the fate
Of their real estate,
Sang in business glee:

"If I get the new church in my region,
Won't I have a most beautiful cinch!
For my land it will put
From ten dollars a foot
To about seven dollars an inch!"

R. K. M.



VARIOUSLY SUGGESTIVE.

MRS. YOUNGQUACK.—You are so persevering and hopeful, dear; you remind me of Patience sitting on a Monument.

DR. YOUNGQUACK.—I feel blue enough to remind you of the monuments sitting on my patients.

EQUAL TO THE EMERGENCY.

HOUSEWIFE.—Is n't this milk adulterated, Mister? Just see what a bluish appearance it has.

MILKMAN.—Not at all, Madam; that's its natural appearance. I pasture my cows on blue grass.

REASON ENOUGH.

The girl refused him flatly, not alone
Because he was (alas, that truth should pain so!)
A youth to fortune and to fame unknown,
But more than likely, to remain so.

M. S. B.



HIRED HELP.

ENERGETIC MR. BIGGS.—This is the way to beat a carpet!

PAT CHOGUE.—Faix, an' thot's th' way I loike to see it bate—it's th' aisiest. Whin yez get through I'll pay yez a commission on what yez was going to pay me.

HOW A GOOD MAN WENT WRONG

THE REVEREND PHILLIP HOYNTON had determined to inaugurate a crusade against the playing of base-ball. The East window of his study commanded a view of the grounds, and the shouts that reached him, together with the general air of disturbance that prevailed at certain stages of the game, had long since convinced him that base-ball was a pernicious pastime, for the reasons: (1) it engendered unwholesome excitement; (2) money was frequently wagered on the result; (3) because of a certain vague iniquity inhering in the game, known as the "associations." This inimical spirit had slumbered passively as long as it could; he read in the morning paper that a base-ball player had been arrested for disturbing the peace, and an alert Presbyterian conscience at last demanded that a spirited protest be made against the evil.

A sermon was written, wherein he dwelt in a general way upon the materialistic tendency of the age, as exemplified by the large crowds that attended Sunday games; he had been told that six thousand people were frequently there at one time. He argued that excitement increased with numbers until, in an assemblage such as that, it amounted to a frenzy; this enervated the system, lessened the power to resist evil, and created a demand for stimulants, to satisfy which, men used tobacco and rum. The result, in the case of this crowd, he pointed out, was six thousand nervous systems shattered, and, finally, as many drunkards. Then there was the gambling phase, and lastly, the "associations," which, without specifying minutely, he characterized as degrading in the extreme.

The sermon finished, he was seized with a novel idea: he would personally attend a game of base-ball, and thus gain some insight into the evil he was to assail. Of course this was unnecessary, a general impression that the game was sinful, being quite sufficient, and all that tradition demanded for the conscientious denunciation of any institution. Still, if he could deduce a few hard facts in support of his allegations, his remarks might carry more weight with a certain class he knew.

Following this bold design, Saturday afternoon found him occupying, not a box, not even a seat in the grand stand, but a very warm seat in the "bleachers," which he chose as being more cosmopolitan, and hence presenting a more varied aspect of the evil.

He was in the midst of a perspiring mob of what a sociologist would have termed the "middle classes." Around him stretched a terrace of hot, good-natured, eager faces. Almost every one had his coat off, and a handkerchief inserted between his neck and his shirt for absorbent purposes. Many were protected by sun-umbrellas.

His being thrilled with high resolve, as he saw the multitude to which he should fearlessly point out its sin. He was glad to justify his estimate of the "associations" by noting on his right, a coarse, heavy-looking youth, with large, red hands, smooth, sunburned face, a slouch hat and a flannel shirt, very much open at the neck.

This evil-minded being was smoking a bad cigar, with a keen and cautious enjoyment that proclaimed it an infrequent delicacy. He was plainly on the downward path, and seemingly found pleasure in the descent. At his left perspired a Solid Citizen, constantly mopping, with a bandanna, his huge red face that beamed under a Panama hat.

His light, cool attire, concluding with white cotton hose and low, broad shoes, procured him all practicable immunity from the heat. The coarse youth and the solid citizen, so widely dissimilar in character, appearance and condition, conversed pleasantly together, through and around Mr. Hoynton, concerning the respective merits of the opposing clubs, discussing the players in detail, with an ease and mutual affability that denoted some hidden bond of sympathy between them.

Mr. Hoynton's knowledge of the national game was based upon his remembrance of a certain youthful recreation engaged in under the name of "Pig-tail," wherein knocking the ball over any adjacent fence retired the batter; catching the ball on the first rebound after the third strike or after a foul, accomplished the same result. He remembered that an effective and popular method of retiring a base runner was to hit him with the ball. The ball of his youth was a gentle, pliable affair, covered with leather from a discarded boot, and only approximately spherical.

During the preliminary practice a ball came bounding into the bleachers. The solid citizen secured it and handed it to Mr. Hoynton, who took it in much the same way that a bachelor caller takes a new baby. He was

horrified to find it of extreme hardness. Here was another objection to the game: it was barbarous to permit men to hurl this terrible missile at each other so forcibly. He was studying the ball and formulating another head to his sermon, when an irreverent boy admonished the crowd, in a shrill tone of alarm, to "watch him dere, wid de ball," thereby unjustly attributing wrong intentions to Mr. Hoynton, and causing him to hastily cast the accursed thing from him.

Then the players took places in the field and the game began. The first batter struck out with celerity, Mr. Hoynton attributing his retirement to sudden illness. The next man only struck once at the ball, waited until an attentive looking man near him said "fo' ba's," and then stationed himself near first-base, where he distinguished himself by jumping up and down, standing upon one leg, and performing other eccentric feats. Here Mr. Hoynton noted another feature of

the game that was thoroughly objectionable; this was a system of exhortation that savored strongly of Methodism. A frenzied man in uniform stood near first-base, and by loud, unmusical shouts, commands to "up on yer toes, now!" warnings to "ste-a-d-y there!" and other exclamations, incited the runner to greater activity, and finally succeeded in having him thrown out at second,

after what the coarse youth called an "elegant slide." Contrary to Mr. Hoynton's expectation, the ball was thrown to the second baseman instead of at the runner. The third man hit the ball, and Mr. Hoynton involuntarily arose in his seat to follow its flight into the hands of the centre fielder. His mental prediction that this player would be crippled, was not verified; he made no attempt to avoid the ball, but caught it without apparent injury to himself. "Most remarkable!" Mr. Hoynton declared, as he sat down. The solid citizen did not seem to think it remarkable, and the coarse youth said "that there's nothin'; he's jes' like a sooper; he don't let none go troo 'im."

At the close of the third inning Mr. Hoynton had acquired sufficient understanding of the game to enjoy it in a somewhat dazed manner, and later he became an animated and audible partisan in favor of the home team. At the close of the sixth inning, wherein the home team tied the score and shut the visitors out, there swept over him a grand tidal wave of enthusiasm. To use pertinent metaphor, the pores of his soul opened; and his heart expanded under the warm glow engendered by the wholesome sport. There was glad geniality in his attitude toward all mankind; a fuller sense of brotherhood and communion with humanity than he had ever known swelled up within him. His two neighbors seemed permeated by this same spirit of deep, universal good will. The coarse youth, the solid citizen and Mr. Hoynton were united as brothers by a grand fusing principle, and the latter was quick to perceive that this condition of mind made men's souls mellow and accessible.

The seventh inning was a shutout for both teams, though the visitors had two men on bases in their half, and a run at one time seemed unavoidable. Mr. Hoynton was on his feet with his neighbors, and his cultivated resonance mingled with the plebian yells about him. During the remainder of the game the three slapped each other upon the back, and shouted at each other, with the utmost harmony and good will, after each brilliant play. In the first half of the eighth inning, the home team scored a run, and again the trio joined the multitude in inviting a loss of voice. When the cheers had subsided, the coarse youth declared in emphatic tones, "we wins the game to-day, — I guess yes!" the latter clause being a derisory reflection on the inability of

the visitors to prevent such victory. A middle-aged man sitting back of him, with patriarchal beard and long face, whose expression betokened pessimist and doubter, warned him in measured accents not to be too sure, justifying his lack of faith by the statement that you could never tell. The coarse youth promptly responded with: "Betchu fifty seed;" whereupon, in obedience to a purely muscular instinct, Mr. Hoynton toyed with some loose silver in his trousers pocket. The coarse youth forced into his hand a silver half-dollar; the doubter, after scrutinizing Mr. Hoynton closely, insisted that the money be placed in the hands of the solid citizen, which was done. He was a student of character, the doubter. He had read any

number of anecdotes where smooth, clerical-looking men turned out to be sharpers of the worst kind. Mr. Hoynton recovered his mental balance, considered the enormity he had escaped and was thankful — and hopeful too, for the coarse youth's sake.

The visitors were shut out in their half of the eighth. In the first half of the ninth, the home team failed to score, and as the visitors came in, an ominous, death-like silence fell upon the throng. One run would tie the score. The first man to bat made a two bagger; number two



AN APPROPRIATE FRAME.



I.
MRS. HENLEY.—William, Mother's picture has been standing here, unframed, ever since Christmas. Now, you must get a frame for it to-day.



II.
AUCTIONEER.—Now, gents, what am I bid for this novelty?—"The Caged Lion!"—The frame forms the cage. The picture is damaged, but the frame is in good condition. Fifty cents do I hear? Sold to the gentleman, for fifty cents!

made a single, advancing number one to third. A universal groan went up. The coarse youth at this juncture rejected offers of sympathy, declaring himself to be "dead game." The doubter beamed with ostentatious gloom.

Number three came smilingly to bat; two strikes were called; the man on first was leading off boldly; at the third ball pitched, the batsman struck vigorously, but with misdirected energy; the result was a "pop-up" fly. The ball came down immediately over the second-baseman; he promptly secured it—one man out; he hurled it to first, catching the runner off the base—two men out; as the ball was caught, the runner on third departed for home; he had all but arrived there when the catcher received the ball from first and applied it firmly to the outstretched arm groping for the plate. A triple play! The home team had won!

The last grand wave of applause had died away. The coarse youth, the solid citizen and Mr. Hoynton made their way through the crowd, the first named pocketing his winnings with a sportsman-like indifference plainly assumed.

There was a hand-shake all around. Mr. Hoynton briefly made known his calling, and invited his friends to attend services the following day at the 63rd Avenue Presbyterian Church. The coarse youth, who proved to be a truck driver, and the solid citizen, who had retired from business, accepted without hesitation.

The Reverend Mr. Hoynton walked briskly home, suffused with a mental and physical exaltation that was almost inspiration. His first act was to tear a number of closely written sheets twice across and deposit them in a waste basket. That night he wrote an entirely new sermon.

Sunday morning's attendance was unusually large for Midsummer. The Text was 2nd Peter, 1—7, and was twice repeated by Mr. Hoynton with peculiar impressiveness.

He dilated upon the blessing of brotherly love, the sinfulness of judging one's neighbors hastily.

He besought the cultivation of charity, patience, sympathy and tolerance. The heads of his discourse were old, but he infused into it a new energy, a convincing, moving eloquence, that awakened in his hearers a renewed sense of the common bond that unites humanity. His delivery was marked by a slight hoarseness.

Prominent in the congregation was the solid citizen, fortified by a palm-leaf fan. He signified his approval of the sermon by vigorous nods of his head from time to time.

The coarse youth, much against his inclination, had been led to a seat well in front. He was dressed in tight, ready-made clothes, looked hot and uncomfortable, and was fiercely rebellious at the unwonted restraint of a stiff white collar. The singing caused him to forget his discomfort, and, as the sermon progressed, he became much interested.



III.
MR. HENLEY.—There you are, Mary. The frame fits the picture as if it had been made for it; and I got it at a bargain, too.

Before the close of the next base-ball season it is not improbable that the Reverend Phillip Hoynton will be tried for heresy.

H. L. Wilson.

WHERE TO LOOK.

STRANGER.—With all the talk about immigration I have n't noticed many foreigners here.

HOST.—Wait till you see a nominating convention.

A ROUSER.

EMPLOYER.—What! On time? This is the first time in a month. Have you bought an alarm clock?

CLERK.—No; a folding bed.

THE MAN who paints the town never uses water-colors.

A JACK OF ALL TRADES—The Western Burro.

ABOUT THE most trying loop-hole of the law is the noose.



THE ADVANTAGES OF EDUCATION.

WEARY RAGGLES.—Any dorg there, Tomlins?

TIRED TOMLINS.—Nuthin' but a sign; it sez, "Look out fur the dorg!"

WEARY RAGGLES.—Well, it's lucky yer kin read, fur here it comes!



WHAT THEY HAVE COME TO.

SAPSMITH (*nervously*).—Deah! deah! I wondah what can be the mattah!

SPATTS.—What is troubling you, deah boy?

SAPSMITH.—Ewevybody is staihing at me so wudely. Good gwacious! May be my hat is n't on stwaight!

APPLY DESCRIBED.

TILLINGHAUST (*watching a street-fight*).—Both of them are drunk.
BIGGERSTAFF.—Yes; it's a regular gin mill.

A FRIEND IN NEED.

I spoke a good word for a brother one day —
A brother in sin — when he fell by the way;
And I laughed in ecstatic, self-righteous glee
Till he heard it, and borrowed ten dollars of me.

Roe L. Hendrick.



AFTER THE WEDDING.

FAMILY FRIEND.—I congratulate you, my dear sir, on the marriage of your daughter. I see you are gradually getting all the girls off your hands.

OLD GOLDBRANCH.—Off my hands — yes; but the worst of it is, I have to keep all their husbands on their feet.

A REASON FOR THE GIFTS.

“Just hear what this theatrical company is going to give away at the performance to-night: a piano, a suite of furniture, twenty dolls, and a barrel of candy.”

“We don't want to go, though; we've both seen the play.”

“But I have n't read what it is to be.”

“It is n't necessary. I can tell from that. It's ‘Uncle Tom's Cabin.’”

HAPPY.

Her parents have frowned on the match —

They say it must not be;
But the maid has a will of her own,
And I'm sole legatee.

A DIFFERENT VEHICLE.

“Parslow is what you call a hack writer; is n't he?”

“No; Parslow writes truck.”

A REFORMER.

TOOTS.—I hear Ginsling has become a temperance fanatic.

TANKS.—Yes; he is leading a crusade against those deadly temperance drinks.

“THIS is the proudest moment of my life.”

“Why, what have you done?”

“I have at last absolutely mastered my vanity.”



SLEEPLESS NIGHTS.

THE VICTIM.—I wish I had a bottle of that stuff!
I can't get a wink of sleep until those fellows get their difficulties settled.

ALLOWANCES TO BE MADE.

SPACERYT.—The man who wrote this copy does n't know beans.

EDITOR.—Probably not; we can't all begin life with a Boston literary training.

HIS OWN FAULT.

WILLIAM ANN.—What do you mean by smashing my trunk down like that?

BAGGAGEMAN.—Had to do it. If you did n't want it smashed, you should n't have marked it, “Handle with care.”

WITH THANKS.

NOVICE.—How long do you think the editor of the *Atlantic* will keep me waiting for my poem to appear?

OLDHAND.—It will probably appear in your morning mail.

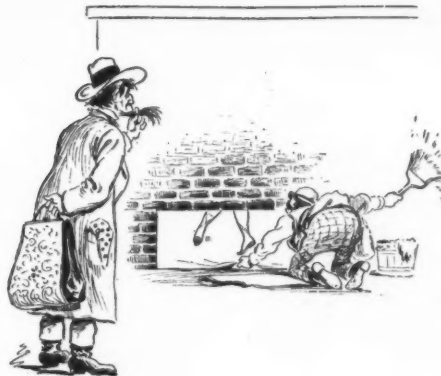
THE WORD FOR THE DEED.

DISTRICT MESSENGER SUPERINTENDENT.—We had to discharge that little Sullivan boy you recommended to us.

CITY MISSIONARY.—Indeed?

DISTRICT MESSENGER SUPERINTENDENT.—No; inaction.

A FOUR-SHEET POSTER;
OR, HOW FARMER HAYRICK WAS BASELY DECEIVED.



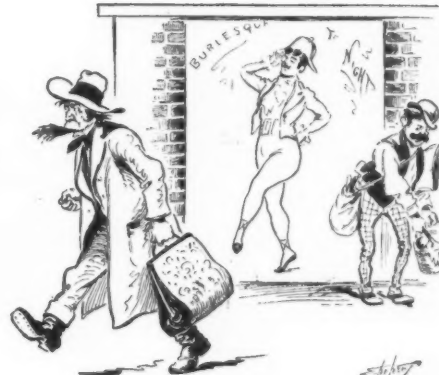
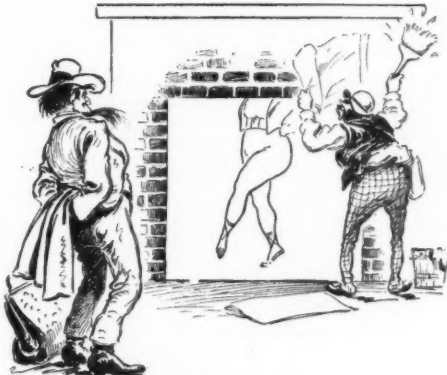
ANGLERMANIA.

THE PROFESSOR.—
I've caught a good
many trout that weighed
seven pounds.

THE COLONEL.—
Yes. It takes a good
many to weigh that.

A CHANGEABLE
CLIMATE, THIS.

An elevator-boy in
one of the tallest build-
ings in Chicago has a
thermometer tacked up
inside his car. A New
York man who has just come back from the World's Fair city says it actu-
ally made him homesick to see the way the blamed thing went up and down.



A SUBSTITUTE.

CUSTOMER.— Have
you a copy of the
"Fifteen Decisive Bat-
tles?"

BOOKSELLER.— No;
we're all out. But we
can give you "Reflec-
tions of a Married Man."

PROFESSIONAL
PRIDE.

"Yes," said the mu-
sical barber; "I am
very fond of listening
to good piano playing;

but do you suppose that professional pride would permit me to go to hear a
man with a head of hair like Paderewski's?"

LAST INSTRUCTIONS.

"Now, young ladies," said the proprietress of the boarding-school,
"we are getting on toward the end of the year. You have done exceed-
ingly well in your studies—but now comes
the severest test of all: Remember that
every graduation dress *must* fit."



THE CHILD OF SOUND.

OLD MAMA ECHO sat, one day, dis-
coursing with her pet
Young offspring, and instructing it in
rules of etiquette.
Among the things she told her child that
it should never do
Was this: "Young Echos must not speak
until they're spoken to."

"But if a prying Kodak-man should come
around this glen
And try to get a photo of you, 'mid the
ravine, then
Another motto bear in mind (and properly,
I ween).
'T is simply this: 'Young Echos should
be heard, but not be seen.'"

Wallace Peck.

IN GREAT DEMAND.

LAWYER.—Do you know where that sign of mine is — "Back in Ten
Minutes"?

BOY.—Yes, sir; the lawyer next door borrowed it a few minutes ago.
He said he was going to the ball game.

GIVE THE OLD MAN A SHOW.

OLD PARTY (at club, trying to view the parade, and being entirely
ignored and crowded out by the younger element).—Here, waiter; bring
me another window!

IN THE NECK.

PUTTENCALL.—These failures on the street, lately, all go to prove
an old saying.

MARGINARIUS.—What saying is that?

PUTTENCALL.—Give a man enough cordage, and he'll hang himself.

It is the thunder of the man in need that everlastingly sours the milk
of human kindness.

GREAT SUCCESS.

TREETOP.—Our Debatin' Society has been all Winter argyin' the
question, "Is marriage a failure?"

HAYRICK.—What'd they decide?

TREETOP.—'T ain't decided yet; but them meetin's has growed a
bigger crop of engagements 'n any singin' school we ever had.

It SHOULD n't at all seem queer
That the peerless American beauty
E'er feels it a sort of a duty
To gather the wayfaring peer.



INSOLVENT.

OPPENHEIMER.—Max, ven you pay dot visit vot you owe me?

BROKESTEIN.—S' hellup me gracious, have n't you heardt dot,
news, Levi?

OPPENHEIMER.—Vot news?

BROKESTEIN.—I faildt yesterday andt gant pay noddings.



PUCK.



HOPELESS WRECK.

J. Ottumacher Lith. Co. Post Building N.Y.

A STRAY "CHICKING."



HE WAS IN TROUBLE. I knew that the moment I saw her. She hung heavily on the back fence. Her false teeth were out. The print dress that gownned her huge, corsetless person fell limp. The hair straggled loose from under the "check-row" sun-bonnet.

I made neighborly inquiries.

"I can't find out," (sadly) "who owns that white chicking with the brownish tail."

I was thunderstruck. Was there anything she could not find out?

"It's been a-peckin' round this three days. Fust I did n't mind. It et the worms. Then it got at my young cucumbers. Now it's at my grapes. It sleeps with my old hen. I sez to Jess Kilderling, 'Jess, is that there white chicking with the brownish tail your Pa's?' 'Yes,' he answers. 'T wuz the queerest thing. It jumped out of a wagon down street, an' come up here an' walked into our coop. Then my Pa went down an' paid the man as owned it.' I looks at him. 'If that wuz the fust lie you ever told, Jess,' I sez, 't would have choked you!'



NOT A FAVORABLE OCCASION.

MISSIONARY.—I have come, my benighted brother, to lead your people to a better life.

NATIVE.—Got no time now. King taking amateur photographs, queen trying on crinoline, and people all learning to ride bicycles. Better try the next village.

UP TO DATE.

EDITOR.—Here you speak of the gold-green morning twilight being suddenly bathed and glorified in a flood of violet sunrise. What do you mean by such stuff as that?

AUTHOR.—Just what I say. That kind of thing is wildly popular with our latter-day painters, and it ought to go like a Summer breeze in literature.

ENTERPRISE.

DENTIST.—Will you take gas, sir?

PATIENT.—I think I'd better.

DENTIST (to Clerk).—Henry, make out a life and accident policy for this gentleman—no extra charge, sir—you see, competition is keen these days—what's the name, please?—and we have to offer extra inducements to hold our trade; all ready now, sir.

IF HERCULES were living now,
A fortune he could make
By going on the stage to do
A little boxing fake.



CAUSE FOR THANKS.

BOY.—Father sent me up to say that he would be very thankful if you would n't lay any more carpets to-night—he can't sleep—

B. FLAT.—Go down and tell your father not to let my hammering prevent him from feeling thankful;—tell him to be thankful his carpets are laid—and, above all, to be thankful he sent you up instead of coming himself. Git out!

"Yistiday, when Pa come in from buryin' Mis' Smith, I sez to him: 'Pa, I've a mind to knock the head off that stray chicking with a stick, an' fry it!' Business is brisk with Pa just now, an' he sez: 'We'll have chickings soon. There's a woman as wants a coffin; leastways she will want a coffin soon, fur her husband's got to die with a congloperation of aliments. I expect I'll have to take some chickings in part trade.' So we're waitin'. I've found out the new minister's name, an' the reason the school-teacher's got to leave town, an' what they say about the Christian Crusaders, an' why Si Scott ain't a Baptis' any more, an' the flavorin' the Birches put in their cake fur the Methodis' Social, who throwed a stone at Pa's new hearse—an' scratched it—an' how the Brown children come by their cussedness, but—"

A resigned wrath gloomed down upon her face. On it were the vanity of human hope, the futility of human endeavor, the fruitlessness of human perseverance, mournfully manifest.

"But—" (sorrowfully) "I can't find out who owns that there white chicking with the brownish tail!"

I suffered with her, I sympathized with her; but I was silent.

Mine was the silence of guilt.

Kate M. Cleary.



RECOGNIZED HIS OWN HANDIWORK.

THE REVEREND MR. HARPS (mildly sarcastic).—I believe there was one person in the congregation who did not look around when the last-comer entered. For his benefit I will say that the person who just came in was Brother Limpy Wadkins.

ALKALI IKE (who did not look around).—Much obliged, Parson; but I knowed who it was 'thout lookin'. Reco'nized him by the sound of his walk. I did it for him, myself.



A REMINISCENT BRIDAL TOUR.

MRS. NUWED (*nestling closer to his side.*)—Oh, George, I'm so glad we came over this road! There are three of the longest tunnels imaginable a few miles further on.

MR. NUWED (*blissfully.*)—And how does my lady-bird know?

MRS. NUWED.—How do I know? Why, this is the very same road we went over when Charley Freshleigh took me to the Sunday-school picnic last year!

THEM BAR'-FOOT DAYS.

JEST 'S soon 's the frost gits out o' the ground, I al'ays want to kick off my stockin's 'nd shoes, 'nd git crippled up l'arnin' to go bar'-foot ag'in.

That 's nat'ral. The Spring comin' on makes the airth feel young, 'nd the airth 's a good deal older 'n I be. So I git frisky, too, 'nd feel 's ef I b'longed to them boy-days ag'in, 'way back, when a feller jest went bar'-foot 'nd whistled.

Sech times I kinder furgit the rheumatiz, 'nd the gray hairs, 'nd the bald spot, 'nd the gran' children; 'nd I think how good it 'd be to git stun-bruises on my heel 'nd slivers in my toes. 'T was fun gittin' 'em, ef 't was n't fun havin' 'em!

All the fun ther' was come o' goin' bar'-foot, seems 's ef. Mebbe 't would n't be so now; but 't was then; 'nd I 'd jest like to try it over ag'in, right now.

I want the soft, new grass ag'inst my feet, makin' 'em feel good 'nd happy.

I want to loaf round under the old apple-tree, 'nd see the lightnin' o' the first yaller robin flashin' up there 'mong the new green o' the branches.

I want to set on the gravel under the old crick bridge, 'nd watch the phoebe-birds come in 'nd go out; 'nd skip flat stuns over the water in front o' the old cow with the board over her eyes, that comes under there to stan' in the cool.

I want to set in the sun on the rail-in' o' the old bridge, 'nd watch the king-fisher dive out o' the big willer-tree 'nd then sail 'way somewheres with the fish he 'd dove fur.

I want to stop in the middle o' the pastur' 'nd look at the yaller-birds go swingin' away through the sunshine.

I want to laugh back at the bob'link that sets teeterin' 'nd laughin' 'nd singin' on the top of a mullin-stalk.

I want to run away 'nd wade 'nd carry a torch fur the men that goes spearin' suckers at night.

I want to tumble 'round in the new hay

down in the medder, when the men 's gittin' it loaded fur the barn; 'nd help 'em drink the sweetened water out o' the jug that 's bin keepin' cool under a haycock.

I want to help gra'm'ther git the pies 'nd cakes out o' the big, out-door brick oven, 'nd have her tell me I 'm goin' to help with the eatin' of ev'ry one of 'em.

I want to weed out the garden beds, when the old folks is all out o' the way so 's not to hurry me none.

I want to whistle, 'nd *feel* like whistlin'.

Yes, I know. We had to pay fur our fun then, jest 's we have to pay fur our fun now. But we was n't so near bankrupt then. I remember all 'bout it. Ef we went bar'-foot, we got stun-bruises; ef we waded, we stubbed our toes ag'inst the big stuns; ef we run 'way 'nd went spearin' suckers, we found dad waitin' up fur us with a stick when we got hum; ef we tumbled on the new hay, we had to turn the grin'-stun to sharpen the scythe; ef we helped to eat the things out o' the big brick oven, we had to split 'bout haff a cord of oven-wood; ef we wed the garden beds, 'nd did n't do it right, we had to do double stent to make up fur it; 'nd all them things come when ther' was other things we 'd ruther do.

Yes, I know. But fur all that, I hain't got a word to say ag'in them boy days. I sorter think I 'd like to go bar'-foot 'nd whistle ag'in.

James C. Purdy.

SATISFACTORY.

BILLY.—Say, Chimmie, it 's de boss play!

CHIMMIE.—Why?

BILLY.—Dey 's t'ree coppers in it, an dey gets it in de neck every act.



IT IS impossible that there are as good fish in the sea as ever were caught, if the kodak pictures that fishermen bring home are true to life.

WHEN A MAN dies in the harness, it is generally the harness that kills him.

THE FLEA bears the same relation to the hornet that satire does to wanton abuse.



ON THE CHICAGO EXPRESS.

PASSENGER.—Look here, Porter, there 's something suspicious about that man over there;—I 'm sure he 's disguised with a wig and a false beard!

PORTER.—Yes, sah; but don't say nothin' 'bout it, sah! It 's Mr. Ward McAllister, goin' out to see de World's Fair.

We are Piano builders — nothing else. All our thoughts, our skill, our experience, are used in one direction only — that of making the **BEST** Piano. We know that we have succeeded; that the *best* Piano made is the

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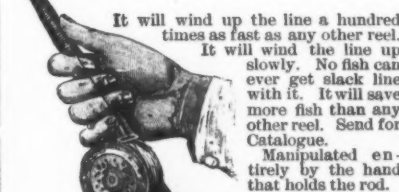
The pictures of the Old Masters were not the first masterpieces, nor the greatest. If you wish to see pictures that Nature painted — that grew and are fadeless — look at the exhibition of Hard Woods in the Forestry Building of the World's Fair, finished by the

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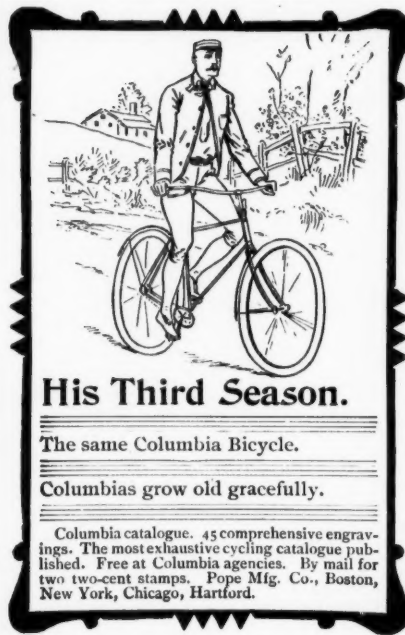
GOING TOO FAR.

LECTURER.—You see here a drop of pure spring water, enormously magnified. I will next show you a drop of water from the Hackensack river.

SPECTATOR.—Hold on a minute, m' friend, an' gimme a—hic!—chans to get out o' the buildin', first!

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A ministering angel thou"—Bromo-Seltzer.

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"LISTEN, Robbie; this rich cake is very unhealthy, and I—"

ROBBIE.—Well, s'pose we put it right out of its misery, Mama.—*Inter Ocean.*

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UNCLE PETER.—Why, one day it says one thing and the very next it is something entirely different.—*Inter Ocean.*

THE Astor baby has a \$1,000 cradle. It will take lots of "rocks" to keep that going.—*Yonkers Statesman.*



THE CHOICE OF TWO EVILS.

THE MAN ON THE OTHER SIDE.—My friend, don't you know that you will ruin your appetite by having a newspaper in front of you while eating?
THE OTHER ONE (keeping his head behind the paper).—That won't ruin it half as quick as some other things in this world.

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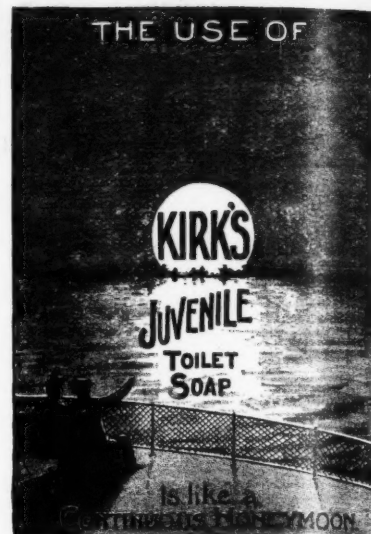
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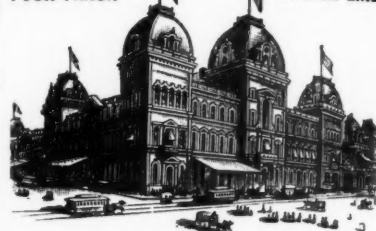
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